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In The Sportsman
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IN THE *SPORTSMAN*

In the Sportsman Restaurant, old photos line the wall on either side of the huge brick fireplace-photos from the turn-of-the-century Grand Marais: old fishing boats, piles of raw lumber and white-pine boards, folks in dark suits and hats. Eating lunch in the cool dark bar, I see a crowd standing on the boardwalk in front of the old Hargrave & Hill general store, looking back across the dirt street at the photographer, who's standing pretty much where the soldier's monument is today. In the group of a dozen or so people, I see a dog that looks like my own-same size, same pattern of black and white, white paws, white muzzle, black ears and face and body. The dog watches the photographer across the street with his large portrait camera. My dog's standing there, too, what's most amazing, the same quizzical expression on her face-slightly sad, mortal, life all too short-looking across the street, in front of a store that nearly a century ago burned to the ground....